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LOYAL RESPONSES
OR DAILY MELODIES
FOR
THE KING'S MINSTRELS

FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL

P.O. angl.

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Havergal

"Dear Anna."

With fond love from
Alice Willington

Aug 19th - 1882.

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BY F. R. HAVERGAL.

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LOYAL RESPONSES;

OR,

DAILY MELODIES

FOR

The King's Minstrels.

BY

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

'O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord.'—
Ps. xvi. 2.

SEVENTIETH THOUSAND.

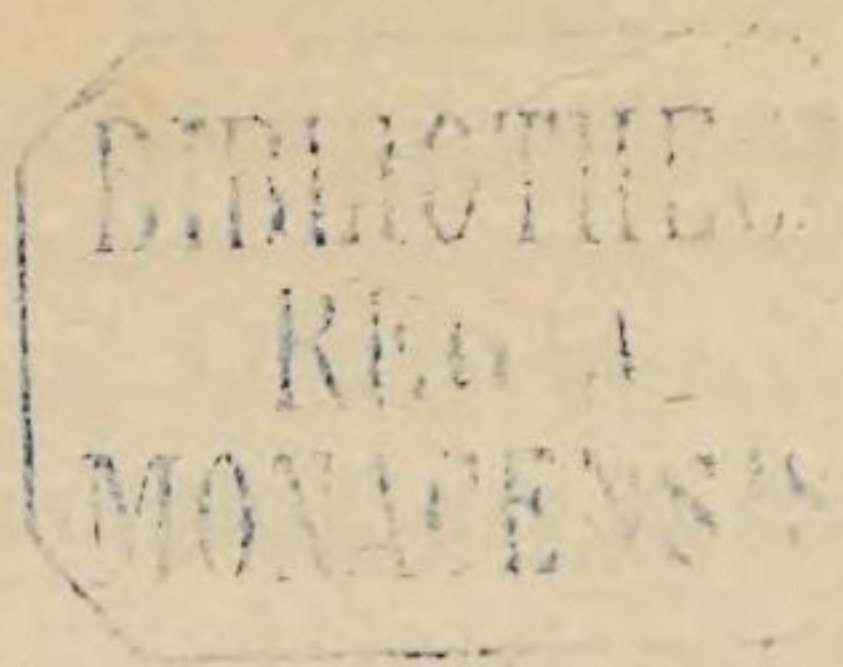
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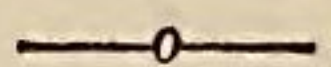
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PREFATORY NOTE.



A WORD of explanation. The little series of daily books, *My King*, *Royal Commandments*, *Royal Bounty*, and *The Royal Invitation*, appeared to need an answering and completing chord. And as these all aim, feebly enough, but earnestly, at calling attention to the Royal utterances of our King, it seemed that *Loyal Responses* should follow them.

May I be pardoned for asking my readers to accept all I have said in these little books in lieu of letters? For the endeavour to answer their most kindly meant and often very interesting communications is becoming a serious tax upon time and strength, and an increasing hindrance to doing other work.

Should any of my friends wish that

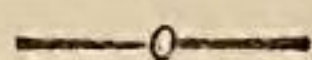
nothing previously seen in leaflet form had been included in this little book, they must pardon it for the sake of the known wishes of many others, who would be disappointed not to find here a few already familiar verses, such as the 'Consecration Hymn' and 'Trusting Jesus.'

As marginal references are not given in this as in the other books of the series, it might be a useful exercise for younger readers to supply them for themselves. For almost every line has been either directly drawn from Holy Scripture, or 'may be proved thereby.'

May not only our lips but our lives be filled with Loyal Responses to all the words of our King!

F. R. H.

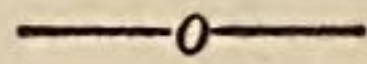
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FIRST DAY.



Consecration Hymn.

‘Here we offer and present unto Thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice unto Thee.’

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and ‘beautiful’ for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold ;
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

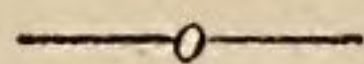
Take my will, and make it Thine ;
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart, it *is* Thine own ;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love ; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.

Take myself, and I will be
Ever, *only*, ALL for Thee.

SECOND DAY.



Set Apart.

‘Know that the Lord hath set apart him that is
godly for Himself.’—Ps. iv. 3.

I.

SET apart for Jesus !
Is not this enough,
Though the desert prospect
Open wild and rough ?
Set apart for His delight,
Chosen for His holy pleasure,
Sealed to be His special treasure !
Could we choose a nobler joy?—and would
we if we might ?

II.

Set apart to serve Him,
Ministers of light,
Standing in His presence,
Ready day or night !

Chosen for the service blest,
He would have us always willing,
Like the angel host fulfilling
Swiftly and rejoicingly each recognised
behest.

III.

Set apart to praise Him,
Set apart for this !
Have the blessed angels
Any truer bliss ?
Soft the prelude, though so clear ;
Isolated tones are trembling ;
But the chosen choir, assembling,
Soon shall sing together, while the universe
shall hear.

IV.

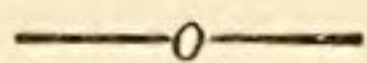
Set apart to love Him,
And His love to know !
Not to waste affection
On a passing show.
Called to give Him life and heart,
Called to pour the hidden treasure,
That none other claims to measure,
Into His belovèd hand ! thrice blessèd 'set
apart !'

V.

Set apart for ever
For Himself alone !
Now we see our calling,
Gloriously shown.
Owning, with no secret dread,
This our holy separation,
Now the crown of consecration
Of the Lord our God shall rest upon our
willing head ! *

* Num. vi. 7.

THIRD DAY.



The Secret of a Happy Day.

‘The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him.’—Ps. xxv. 14.

I.

JUST to let thy Father do
What He will ;
Just to know that He is true,
And be still.
Just to follow hour by hour
As He leadeth ;
Just to draw the moment’s power
As it needeth.
Just to trust Him, this is all !
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatsoe’er befall,
Bright and blessèd, calm and free.

II.

Just to let Him speak to thee
Through His Word,
Watching, that His voice may be
Clearly heard.
Just to tell Him everything
As it rises,
And at once to Him to bring
All surprises.
Just to listen, and to stay
Where you cannot miss His voice.
This is all ! and thus to-day,
Communing, you shall rejoice.

III.

Just to ask Him what to do
All the day,
And to make you quick and true
To obey.
Just to know the needed grace
He bestoweth,
Every bar of time and place
Overfloweth.
Just to take thy orders straight
From the Master's own command.
Blessèd day ! when thus we wait
Always at our Sovereign's hand.

IV.

Just to recollect His love,
Always true ;
Always shining from above,
Always new.
Just to recognise its light,
All-enfolding ;
Just to claim its present might,
All-upholding.
Just to know it as thine own,
That no power can take away.
Is not this enough alone
For the gladness of the day ?

V.

Just to trust, and yet to ask
Guidance still ;
Take the training or the task,
As He will.
Just to take the loss or gain,
As He sends it ;
Just to take the joy or pain,
As He lends it.
He who formed thee for His praise
Will not miss the gracious aim ;
So to-day and all thy days
Shall be moulded for the same.

VI.

Just to leave in His dear hand
 Little things,
All we cannot understand,
 All that stings.
Just to let Him take the care
 Sorely pressing,
Finding all we let Him bear
 Changed to blessing.
This is all ! and yet the way
 Marked by Him who loves thee best :
Secret of a happy day,
 Secret of His promised rest.

FOURTH DAY.

— o —

The Unfailing One.

‘He faileth not.’—ZEPH. iii. 5.

I.

HE who hath led, will lead
All through the wilderness;
He who hath fed, will feed;
He who hath blessed, will bless;
He who hath heard thy cry,
Will never close His ear;
He who hath marked thy faintest sigh,
Will not forget thy tear.
He loveth always, faileth never;
So rest on Him, to-day, for ever!

II.

He who hath made thee whole
Will heal thee day by day;

He who hath spoken to thy soul
Hath many things to say.
He who hath gently taught
Yet more will make thee know ;
He who so wondrously hath wrought
Yet greater things will show.
He loveth always, faileth never ;
So rest on Him to-day, for ever!

III.

He who hath made thee nigh
Will draw thee nearer still ;
He who hath given the first supply
Will satisfy and fill.
He who hath given thee grace
Yet more and more will send ;
He who hath set thee in the race
Will speed thee to the end.
He loveth always, faileth never ;
So rest on Him, to-day, for ever !

IV.

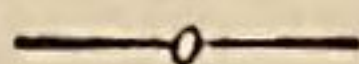
He who hath won thy heart
Will keep it true and free ;
He who hath shown thee what thou art
Will show Himself to thee.

He who hath bid thee live,
And made thy life His own,
Life more abundantly will give,
And keep it His alone.
He loveth always, faileth never ;
So rest on Him, to-day, for ever !

v.

Then trust Him for to-day
As thine unfailing Friend,
And let Him lead thee all the way,
Who loveth to the end.
And let the morrow rest
In His belovèd hand ;
His good is better than our best,
As we shall understand,—
If, trusting Him who faileth never,
We rest on Him, to-day, for ever !

FIFTH DAY.



On the Lord's Side.

'Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of
Jesse.'—I CHRON. xii. 18.

I.

WHO is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers,
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for Him will go?

Response. By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

II.

Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior-psalm ;
But for Love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died :
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side.

Response. By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side ;
Saviour, we are Thine.

III.

Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.

Response. By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side ;
Saviour, we are Thine.

IV.

Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure,
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.

Response. Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side ;
Saviour, we are Thine.

V.

Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land ;
' Chosen, called, and faithful, '
For our Captain's band ;
In the service royal
Let us not grow cold ;
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.

Response. Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine !

SIXTH DAY.

—o—

True-hearted, Whole-hearted.

I.

TRUE - HEARTED, whole - hearted,
faithful and loyal,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will
be!
Under Thy standard, exalted and royal,
Strong in Thy strength, we will battle for
Thee!

II.

True-hearted, whole-hearted! Fullest alle-
giance
Yielding henceforth to our glorious King;
Valiant endeavour and loving obedience
Freely and joyously now would we bring.

III.

True - hearted ! Saviour, Thou knowest our
story ;
Weak are the hearts that we lay at Thy
feet,
Sinful and treacherous ! yet, for Thy glory,
Heal them, and cleanse them from sin and
deceit.

IV.

Whole-hearted ! Saviour, belovèd and glori-
ous,
Take Thy great power, and reign Thou
alone,
Over our wills and affections victorious,
Freely surrendered, and wholly Thine own.

V.

Half-hearted, *false*-hearted ! Heed we the
warning !
Only the whole can be perfectly true ;
Bring the whole offering, all timid thought
scorning,
True - hearted only if whole - hearted
too.

VI.

Half-hearted ! Saviour, shall aught be with-
holden,
Giving Thee part who hast given us all ?
Blessings outpouring, and promises golden
Pledging, with never reserve or recall.

VII.

Half-hearted ! Master, shall any who know
Thee
Grudge Thee their lives, who hast laid
down Thine own ?
Nay ; we would offer the hearts that we owe
Thee,—
Live for Thy love and Thy glory alone.

VIII.

Sisters, dear sisters, the call is resounding,
Will ye not echo the silver refrain,
Mighty and sweet, and in gladness abound-
ing,—
' True - hearted, whole - hearted ! ' ringing
again ?

IX.

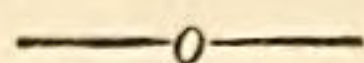
Jesus is with us, His rest is before us,
Brightly His standard is waving above.

Brothers, dear brothers, in gathering chorus,
Peal out the watchword of courage and
love!

x.

Peal out the watchword, and silence it never,
Song of our spirits, rejoicing and free!
'True-hearted, whole-hearted, now and for
ever,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will
be!'

SEVENTH DAY.



‘By Thy Cross and Passion.’

‘He hath given us rest by His sorrow, and life by His death.’—JOHN BUNYAN.

I.

WHAT hast Thou done for me, O
mighty Friend,
Who lovest to the end !
Reveal Thyself, that I may now behold
Thy love unknown, untold,
Bearing the curse, and made a curse for me,
That blessed and made a blessing I might be.

II.

Oh, Thou wast crowned with thorns, that I
might wear
A crown of glory fair ;
‘Exceeding sorrowful,’ that I might be
Exceeding glad in Thee ;

‘Rejected and despised,’ that I might stand
Accepted and complete on Thy right hand.

III.

Wounded for my transgression, stricken sore,
That I might ‘sin no more ;’
Weak, that I might be always strong in Thee ;
Bound, that I might be free ;
Acquaint with grief, that I might only know
Fulness of joy in everlasting flow.

IV.

Thine was the chastisement, with no release,
That mine might be the peace ;
The bruising and the cruel stripes were Thine,
That healing might be mine ;
Thine was the sentence and the condemna-
tion,
Mine the acquittal and the full salvation.

V.

For Thee revilings, and a mocking throng,
For me the angel-song ;
For Thee the frown, the hiding of God’s face,
For me His smile of grace ;
Sorrows of hell and bitterest death for Thee,
And heaven and everlasting life for me.

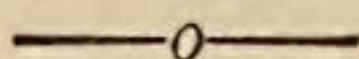
VI.

Thy cross and passion, and Thy precious
death,

While I have mortal breath,
Shall be my spring of love and work and
praise,

The life of all my days ;
Till all this mystery of love supreme
Be solved in glory—glory's endless theme !

EIGHTH DAY.



The Opened Fountain.

‘A fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness.
 Wounded in the house of My friends.’—
ZECH. xiii. 1, 6.

I.

AND I have wounded Thee—oh, wounded
Thee!—

Wounded the dear, dear Hand that holds
me fast!

Oh, to recall the word! That cannot be!

Oh, to unthink the thought that out of
reach hath passed!

II.

Sorrow and bitter grief replace my bliss;
I could not wish that any joy should be;
There is no room for any thought but this,
That I have sinned—have sinned—have
wounded Thee!

III.

How *could* I grieve Thee so ! Thou couldst
have kept ;

My fall was not the failure of Thy word.
Thy promise hath no flaw, no dire 'except,'
To neutralize the grace so royally conferred.

IV.

Oh the exceeding sinfulness of sin !
Tenfold exceeding in the love-lit light
Of Thy sufficient grace, without, within,
Enough for every need, in never-conquered
might !

V.

With all the shame, with all the keen distress,
Quick, 'waiting not,' I flee to Thee again ;
Close to the wound, beloved Lord, I press,
That Thine own precious blood may
overflow the stain.

VI.

O *precious* blood ! Lord, let it rest on me !
I ask not only pardon from my King,
But cleansing from my Priest. I come to
Thee
Just as I came at first,—a sinful, helpless
thing.

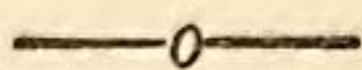
VII.

Oh, cleanse me now ! My Lord, I cannot stay
For evening shadows and a silent hour :
Now I have sinned, and *now*, with no delay,
I claim Thy promise and its total power.

VIII.

O Saviour, bid me 'go and sin no more,'
And keep me always 'neath the mighty flow
Of Thy perpetual fountain ; I implore
That Thy perpetual cleansing I may fully
know.

NINTH DAY.



The Precious Blood of Jesus.

I.

PRECIOUS, precious blood of Jesus,
Shed on Calvary ;
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,
Shed for me.

II.

Precious blood, that hath redeemed us !
All the price is paid ;
Perfect pardon now is offered,
Peace is made.

III.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Let it make thee whole ;

Let it flow in mighty cleansing
O'er thy soul.

IV.

Though thy sins are red like crimson,
Deep in scarlet glow,
Jesu's precious blood can make them
White as snow.

V.

Now the holiest with boldness
We may enter in,
For the open fountain cleanseth
From all sin.

VI.

Precious blood ! by this we conquer
In the fiercest fight,
Sin and Satan overcoming
By its might.

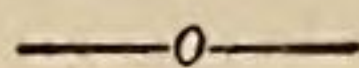
VII.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Ever flowing free !
O believe it, O receive it,
'Tis for thee !

VIII.

Precious blood, whose full atonement
Makes us nigh to God !
Precious blood, our song of glory,
Praise and laud !

TENTH DAY.



I Remember Thee.

‘Thus saith the LORD, I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals.’—
JER. ii. 2.

I.

MY Lord, dost Thou indeed remember
me,

Just *me*, the least and last?
With all the names of Thy redeemed,
And all Thy angels, has it seemed
As though my name might perhaps be
overpassed;
Yet here I find Thy word of tenderest grace,
True for this moment, perfect for my case,—
‘Thus saith Jehovah, I remember thee!’

II.

My Lord, dost Thou remember *this* of me,
The kindness of *my* youth?—

The tremulous gleams of early days,
The first faint thrills of love and praise,
Vibrating fitfully? Not much, in truth,
Can I bring back at memory's wondering
call;
Yet Thou, my faithful Lord, rememberest
all,—
'Thus saith Jehovah, I remember thee!'

III.

My Lord, dost Thou remember this of me,
My love, so poor, so cold?
Oh, if I had but loved Thee more!
Yet Thou hast pardoned. Let me pour
My life's best wine for Thee, my heart's best
gold
(Worthless, yet all I have), for very shame
That Thou should'st tell me, calling me by
name,—
'Thus saith Jehovah, I remember thee!'

IV.

My Lord, dost Thou remember this of me,
The day of Thine own power?
The love of *mine* espousals sweet,
The laying wholly at Thy feet
Of heart and life, in that glad, willing hour?

That love was Thine—I gave Thee but Thine
own,
And yet the Voice falls from the emerald
throne,—
‘ Thus saith Jehovah, I remember thee !’

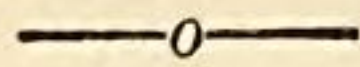
V.

My Lord, dost Thou remember *this* of me ?
Forgetting every fall,
Forgetting all the treacherous days,
Forgetting all the wandering ways,
With fulness of forgiveness covering all ;
Casting these memories, a hideous store,
Into the crimson sea, for evermore,
And only saying, ‘ I remember thee !’

VI.

My Lord, art Thou indeed remembering me ?
Then let me not forget !
Oh, be Thy kindness all the way,
Thy everlasting love to-day,
In sweet perpetual remembrance set
Before my view, to fill my marvelling gaze,
And stir my love, and lift my life to praise,
Because Thou sayest, ‘ I remember thee !’

ELEVENTH DAY.



Knowing.

I.

I KNOW the crimson stain of sin,
Defiling all without, within ;
But now rejoicingly I know
That He has washed me white as snow.
I praise Him for the cleansing tide,
Because I know that Jesus died.

II.

I know the helpless, hopeless plaint,
'The whole head sick, the whole heart
faint ;'
But now I trust His touch of grace,
That meets so perfectly my case,
So tenderly, so truly deals ;
Because I know that Jesus heals.

III.

I know the pang of forfeit breath,
When life in sin was life in death ;
But now I know His life is mine,
And nothing shall that cord untwine,
Rejoicing in the life He gives,
Because I know that Jesus lives.

IV.

I know how anxious thought can press,
I know the weight of carefulness ;
But now I know the sweet reward
Of casting all upon my Lord,
No longer bearing what He bears,
Because I know that Jesus cares.

V.

I know the sorrow that is known
To the tear-burdened heart alone ;
But now I know its full relief
Through Him who was acquaint with grief,
And peace through every trial flows,
Because I know that Jesus knows.

VI.

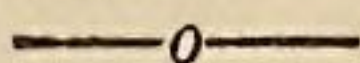
I know the gloom amid the mirth,
The longing for the love of earth ;

But now I know the Love that fills,
That gladdens, blesses, crowns, and stills,
That nothing mars and nothing moves,—
I know, I know that Jesus loves !

VII.

I know the shrinking and the fear,
When all seems wrong, and nothing clear ;
But now I gaze upon His throne,
And faith sees all His foes o'erthrown,
And I can wait till He explains,
Because I know that Jesus reigns.

TWELFTH DAY.



Trusting Jesus.

I.

I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee ;
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

II.

I am trusting Thee for pardon ;
At Thy feet I bow,
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

III.

I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood ;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

IV.

I am trusting Thee to guide me ;
Thou alone shalt lead !
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

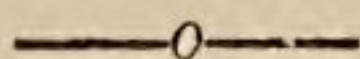
V. •

I am trusting Thee for power ;
Thine can never fail !
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me,
Must prevail.

VI.

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus ;
Never let me fall !
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

THIRTEENTH DAY.



Looking unto Jesus.

I.

LOOKING unto Jesus !
Battle-shout of faith,
Shield o'er all the armour,
Free from scar or scathe.
Standard of salvation,
In our hearts unfurled,
Let its elevation
Overcome the world !

II.

Look away to Jesus !
Look away from all ;
Then we need not stumble,
Then we shall not fall.
From each snare that lureth
Foe or phantom grim,
Safety this ensureth :
Look away to Him.

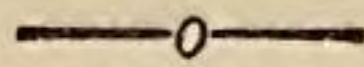
III.

Looking into Jesus !
Wonderingly we trace
Heights of power and glory,
Depths of love and grace.
Vistas far unfolding,
Ever stretch before,
As we gaze, beholding
Ever more and more.

IV.

Looking up to Jesus
On the emerald throne !
Faith shall pierce the heavens
Where our King is gone.
Lord, on Thee depending,
Now, continually,
Heart and mind ascending,
Let us dwell with Thee.

FOURTEENTH DAY.



Shining.

I.

ARE you *shining* for Jesus, dear one?
You have given your heart to Him;
But is the light strong within it,
Or is it but pale and dim?
Can *everybody* see it,—
That Jesus is all to you?
That your love to Him is burning
With radiance warm and true?
Is the seal upon your forehead,
So that it *must* be known
That you are 'all for Jesus,'—
That your heart is all His own?

II.

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one?
You remember the first sweet ray,

When the sun arose upon you
And brought the gladsome day;
When you heard the gospel message,
And Jesus Himself drew near,
And helped you to trust Him simply,
And took away your fear;
When the darkness and the shadows
Fled like a weary night,
And you felt that you could praise
Him,
And everything seemed bright.

III.

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one,
So that the holy light
May enter the hearts of others,
And make them glad and bright?
Have you spoken a word for Jesus,
And told to some around,
Who do not care about Him,
What a Saviour *you* have found?
Have you lifted the lamp for others,
That has guided your own glad
feet?
Have you echoed the loving message,
That seemed to you so sweet?

IV.

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one,—
Shining for Him all day,
Letting the light burn always
Along the varied way?
Always,—when those beside you
Are walking in the dark?
Always,—when no one is helping,
Or heeding your tiny spark?
Not idly letting it flicker
In every passing breeze
Of pleasure or temptation,
Of trouble or of ease?

V.

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one,—
Shining just everywhere,
Not only in easy places,
Not only just here or there?
Shining in happy gatherings,
Where all are loved and known?
Shining where all are strangers?
Shining when quite alone?
Shining at home, and making
True sunshine all around?
Shining abroad, and faithful—
Perhaps among faithless—found?

VI.

Are you shining for *Jesus*, dear one,
Not for yourself at all?
Not because dear ones, watching,
Would grieve if your lamp should fall?
Shining because you are walking
In the Sun's unclouded rays,
And you cannot help reflecting
The light on which you gaze?
Shining because it shineth
So warm and bright above,
That you *must* let out the gladness,
And you *must* show forth the love?

VII.

Are you shining for *Jesus*, dear one?
Or is there a little sigh
That the lamp His love had lighted
Does not burn clear and high?
Is the heavenly crown that waits you,
Still, still without a star,
Because your light was hidden,
And sent no rays afar?
Do you feel you have not loved Him
With a love right brave and loyal,
But have faintly fought and followed
His banner bright and royal?

VIII.

Oh, come again to Jesus !
Come as you came at first,
And tell Him all that hinders,
And tell Him all the worst ;
And take His sweet forgiveness
As you took it once before,
And hear His kind voice saying,
‘Peace ! go, and sin no more !’
Then ask for grace and courage
His name to glorify,
That never more His precious light
Your dimness may deny.

IX.

Then rise, and, ‘watching daily,’
Ask Him your lamp to trim
With the fresh oil He giveth,
That it may not burn dim.
Yes, rise and shine for Jesus !
Be brave, and bright, and true
To the true and loving Saviour,
Who gave Himself for you.
Oh, shine for Jesus, dear one
And henceforth be your way
Bright with the light that shineth
Unto the perfect day !

FIFTEENTH DAY.

—o—

Growing.

I.

UNTO him that hath, Thou givest
Ever 'more abundantly.'
Lord, I live because Thou livest,
Therefore give more life to me;
Therefore speed me in the race;
Therefore let me grow in grace.

II.

Deepen all Thy work, O Master,
Strengthen every downward root,
Only do Thou ripen faster,
More and more, Thy pleasant fruit.
Purge me, prune me, self abase,
Only let me grow in grace.

III.

Jesus, grace for grace outpouring,
Show me ever greater things;

Raise me higher, sunward soaring,
Mounting as on eagle-wings.
By the brightness of Thy face,
Jesus, let me grow in grace.

IV.

Let me grow by sun and shower,
Every moment water me ;
Make me really hour by hour
More and more conformed to Thee,
That Thy loving eye may trace,
Day by day, my growth in grace.

V.

Let me then be always growing,
Never, never standing still ;
Listening, learning, better knowing
Thee and Thy most blessed will.
Till I reach Thy holy place,
Daily let me grow in grace.

SIXTEENTH DAY.

—o—

Resting.

‘This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest ; and this is the refreshing.’—ISA. xxviii. 12.

I.

RESTING on the faithfulness of Christ
our Lord ;
Resting on the fulness of His own sure word ;
Resting on His power, on His love untold ;
Resting on His covenant secured of old.

II.

Resting 'neath His guiding hand for un-
tracked days ;
Resting 'neath His shadow from the noon-
tide rays ;
Resting at the eventide beneath His wing,
In the fair pavilion of our Saviour King.

III.

Resting in the fortress while the foe is nigh ;
 Resting in the lifeboat while the waves roll
 high ;
 Resting in His chariot for the swift glad race ;
 Resting, always resting in His boundless
 grace.

IV.

Resting in the pastures, and beneath the
 Rock ;
 Resting by the waters where He leads His
 flock ;
 Resting, while we listen, at His glorious
 feet ;
 Resting in His very arms !—O rest complete !

V.

Resting and believing, let us onward press,
 Resting in Himself, the Lord our Righteous-
 ness ;
 Resting and rejoicing, let His saved ones
 sing,
 Glory, glory, glory be to Christ our King !

SEVENTEENTH DAY.

—o—

Filling.

‘Filled with all the fulness of God.’—EPH. iii. 19.

I.

HOLY Father, Thou hast spoken
Words beyond our grasp of thought,—
Words of grace and power unbroken,
With mysterious glory fraught.

II.

Promise and command combining,
Doubt to chase and faith to lift ;
Self renouncing, all resigning,
We would claim this mighty gift.

III.

Take us, Lord, oh, take us truly,
Mind and soul and heart and will ;
Empty us and cleanse us throughly,
Then with all Thy fulness fill.

IV.

Lord, we ask it, hardly knowing
What this wondrous gift may be ;
But fulfil to overflowing,—
Thy great meaning let us see.

V.

Make us in Thy royal palace
Vessels worthy for the King ;
From Thy fulness fill our chalice,
From Thy never-failing spring.

VI.

Father, by this blessèd filling,
Dwell Thyself in us, we pray ;
We are waiting, Thou art willing,
Fill us with Thyself to-day !

EIGHTEENTH DAY.

—o—

Increase our Faith.

‘Lord, increase our faith.’—LUKE xvii. 5.

I.

INCREASE our faith, beloved Lord !
For Thou alone canst give
The faith that takes Thee at Thy word,
The faith by which we live.

II.

Increase our faith ! So weak are we,
That we both may and must
Commit our very faith to Thee,
Entrust to Thee our trust.

III.

Increase our faith ! for there is yet
Much land to be possessed ;
And by no other strength we get
Our heritage of rest.

IV.

Increase our faith ! On this broad shield
‘*All*’ fiery darts be caught ;
We must be victors in the field
Where Thou for us hast fought.

V.

Increase our faith, that we may claim
Each starry promise sure,
And *always* triumph in Thy name,
And to the end endure.

VI.

Increase our faith, O Lord, we pray,
That we may not depart
From Thy commands, but *all* obey
With free and loyal heart.

VII.

Increase our faith—increase it still—
From heavenward hour to hour,
And in us gloriously ‘fulfil
The work of faith with power.’

VIII.

Increase our faith, that never dim
Or trembling it may be,

Crowned with the 'perfect peace' of him
'Whose mind is stayed on Thee.'

IX.

Increase our faith, for Thou hast prayed
That it should never fail ;
Our steadfast anchorage is made
With Thee, within the veil.

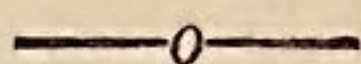
X.

Increase our faith, that unto Thee
More fruit may still abound ;
That it may grow 'exceedingly,'
And to Thy praise be found.

XI.

Increase our faith, O Saviour dear,
By Thy sweet sovereign grace,
Till, changing faith for vision clear,
We see Thee face to face !

NINETEENTH DAY.



'Nobody knows but Jesus.'

I.

NOBODY knows but Jesus !
'Tis only the old refrain
Of a quaint, pathetic slave-song,
But it comes again and again.

II.

I only heard it quoted,
And I do not know the rest ;
But the music of the message
Was wonderfully blessed.

III.

For it fell upon my spirit
Like sweetest twilight psalm,
When the breezy sunset waters
Die into starry calm.

IV.

‘Nobody knows but Jesus !’
Is it not better so,
That no one else but Jesus,
My own dear Lord, should know ?

V.

When the sorrow is a secret
Between my Lord and me,
I learn the fuller measure
Of His quick sympathy.

VI.

Whether it be so heavy,
That dear ones could not bear
To know the bitter burden
They could not come and share ;

VII.

Whether it be so tiny,
That others could not see
Why it should be a trouble,
And seem so real to me ;

VIII.

Either, and both, I lay them
Down at my Master’s feet,

And find them, alone with Jesus,
Mysteriously sweet.

IX.

Sweet, for they bring me closer
To the dearest, truest Friend ;
Sweet, for He comes the nearer,
As 'neath the cross I bend ;

X.

Sweet, for they are the channels
Through which His teachings flow ;
Sweet, for by these dark secrets
His heart of love I know.

XI.

'Nobody knows but Jesus !'
It is music for to-day,
And through the darkest hours
It will chime along the way.

XII.

'Nobody knows but Jesus !'
My Lord, I bless Thee now
For the sacred gift of sorrow
That no one knows but Thou.

TWENTIETH DAY.

—o—

He is thy Life.

I.

JESUS, Thy life is mine !
Dwell evermore in me ;
And let me see
That nothing can untwine
My life from Thine.

II.

Thy life in me be shown !
Lord, I would henceforth seek
To think and speak
Thy thoughts, Thy words alone,
No more my own.

III.

Thy love, Thy joy, Thy peace,
Continuously impart
Unto my heart ;

Fresh springs, that never cease,
But still increase.

IV.

The blest reality
Of resurrection power,
Thy Church's dower,
Life more abundantly,
Lord, give to me !

V.

Thy fullest gift, O Lord,
Now at Thy feet I claim,
Through Thy dear name !
And touch the rapturous chord
Of praise forth poured.

VI.

Jesus, my life is Thine,
And evermore shall be
Hidden in Thee !
For nothing can untwine
Thy life from mine.

TWENTY-FIRST DAY.

—o—

Enough.

I.

I AM so weak, dear Lord, I cannot
stand

One moment without Thee !

But oh ! the tenderness of Thine enfolding,
And oh ! the faithfulness of Thine upholding,
And oh ! the strength of Thy right hand !

That strength is enough for me !

II.

I am so needy, Lord, and yet I know

All fulness dwells in Thee ;

And hour by hour that never-failing treasure
Supplies and fills, in overflowing measure,
My least, my greatest need ; and so

Thy grace is enough for me !

III.

It is so sweet to trust Thy word alone :
I do not ask to see
The unveiling of Thy purpose, or the shining
Of future light on mysteries untwining :
Thy promise-roll is all my own,—
Thy word is enough for me !

IV.

The human heart asks love ; but now I
know
That my heart hath from Thee
All real, and full, and marvellous affection,
So near, so human ; yet divine perfection
Thrills gloriously the mighty glow !
Thy love is enough for me !

V.

There were strange soul-depths, restless,
vast, and broad,
Unfathomed as the sea ;
An infinite craving for some infinite stilling ;
But now Thy perfect love is perfect filling !
Lord Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God,
Thou, Thou art enough for me !

TWENTY-SECOND DAY.

—o—

All.

I.

GOD'S reiterated 'ALL !'
O wondrous word of peace and
power !

Touching with its tuneful fall
The rising of each hidden hour,
All the day.

II.

Only *all* His word believe,
All peace and joy your heart shall fill,
All things asked ye shall receive :
This is thy Father's word and will,
For to-day.

III.

'*All* I have is thine,' saith He.
'*All* things are yours,' He saith again;

All the promises for thee
Are sealed with Jesus Christ's Amen,
For to-day.

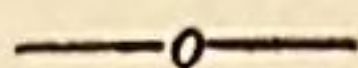
IV.

He shall *all* your need supply,
And He will make *all* grace abound ;
Always all sufficiency
In Him for *all* things shall be found,
For to-day.

V.

All His work He shall fulfil,
All the good pleasure of His will,
Keeping thee in *all* thy ways,
And with thee always, '*all* the days,'
And to-day!

TWENTY-THIRD DAY.



Only.

I.

ONLY a mortal's powers,
Weak at their fullest strength;
Only a few swift-flashing hours,
Short at their fullest length.

II.

Only a page for the eye,
Only a word for the ear,
Only a smile, and by and by
Only a quiet tear.

III.

Only one heart to give,
Only one voice to use ;
Only one little life to live,
And only one to lose.

VI.

Poor is my best, and small :
How could I dare divide ?
Surely my Lord shall have it all,
He shall not be denied !

V.

All ! for far more I owe
Than all I have to bring ;
All ! for my Saviour loves me so !
All ! for I love my King !

VI.

All ! for it is His own,
He gave the tiny store ;
All ! for it must be His alone ;
All ! for I have no more.

VII.

All ! for the last and least
He stoopeth to uplift :
The altar of my great High Priest
Shall sanctify my gift.

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY.

—o—

My Master.

‘I love my master ; . . . I will not go out free.
And he shall serve him for ever.’—EX. xxi. 5, 6.

I.

I LOVE, I love my Master,
I will not go out free,
For He is my Redeemer,
He paid the price for me.

II.

I would not leave His service,
It is so sweet and blest ;
And in the weariest moments
He gives the truest rest.

III.

I would not halve my service,
His only it must be,—

His *only*, who so loved me
And gave Himself for me.

IV.

My Master shed his life-blood
My vassal life to win,
And save me from the bondage
Of tyrant self and sin.

V.

He chose me for His service,
And gave me power to choose
That blessed, 'perfect freedom'
Which I shall never lose :

VI.

For He hath met my longing
With word of golden tone,
That I shall serve for ever
Himself, Himself alone.

VII.

'Shall serve Him' hour by hour,
For He will show me how ;
My Master is fulfilling
His promise even now !

VIII.

‘Shall serve Him,’ and ‘for ever;’
O hope most sure, most fair!
The perfect love outpouring
In perfect service there!

IX.

Rejoicing and adoring,
Henceforth my song shall be:
I love, I love my Master,
I will not go out free!

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY.

—o—

Perfect Peace.

I.

LIKE a river glorious
Is God's perfect peace,
Over all victorious
In its bright increase.
Perfect—yet it floweth
Fuller every day;
Perfect—yet it groweth
Deeper all the way.

Chorus. Stayed upon Jehovah,
Hearts are fully blest,
Finding, as He promised,
Perfect peace and rest.

II.

Hidden in the hollow
Of His blessèd hand,
Never foe can follow,
Never traitor stand.

Not a surge of worry,
Not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry
Touch the spirit there.

Chorus. Stayed upon Jehovah,
Hearts are fully blest,
Finding, as He promised,
Perfect peace and rest.

III.

Every joy or trial
Falleth from above,
Traced upon our dial
By the Sun of Love.
We may trust Him solely
All for us to do ;
They who trust Him wholly,
Find Him wholly true.

Chorus. Stayed upon Jehovah,
Hearts are fully blest,
Finding, as He promised,
Perfect peace and rest.

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY.

—o—

I am with thee.

I.

I AM with thee !' He hath said it
In His truth and tender grace ;
Sealed the promise, grandly spoken,
With how many a mighty token
Of His love and faithfulness.

II.

He is with thee !—In thy dwelling,
Shielding thee from fear of ill ;
All thy burdens kindly bearing,
For thy dear ones gently caring,
Guarding, keeping, blessing still.

III.

He is with thee !—In thy service
He is with thee ‘certainly,’
Filling with the Spirit’s power,
Giving in the needing hour
His own messages by thee.

IV.

He is with thee !—With thy spirit,
With thy lips, or with thy pen ;
In the quiet preparation,
In the heart-bowed congregation,
Nevermore alone again !

V.

He is with thee !—With thee always,
All the nights and all the days ;
Never failing, never frowning,
With His loving-kindness crowning,
Tuning all thy life to praise.

VI.

He is with thee !—Thine own Master,
Leading, loving to the end ;
Brightening joy and lightening sorrow,
All to-day, yet *more* to-morrow,
King and Saviour, Lord and Friend.

VII.

He is with thee !—Yes, for ever,
Now, and through eternity ;
Then with Him for ever dwelling,
Thou shalt share His joy excelling,
Thou with Christ, and Christ with thee !

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY.

—o—

Trust and Distrust.

I.

DISTRUST thyself, but trust His
grace ;

It is enough for thee !

In every trial thou shalt trace

Its all-sufficiency.

II.

Distrust thyself, but trust His strength ;

In Him thou shalt be strong :

His weakest ones may learn at length

A daily triumph-song.

III.

Distrust thyself, but trust His love ;

Rest in its changeless glow :

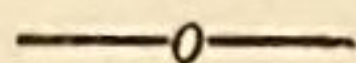
And life or death shall only prove

Its everlasting flow.

IV.

Distrust thyself, but trust alone
In Him, for all—for ever !
And joyously thy heart shall own
That Jesus faileth never.

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY.



Without Carefulness.

‘I would have you without carefulness.’—I COR.
vii. 32.

I.

MASTER ! how shall I bless Thy name
For Thy tender love to me,
For the sweet enablings of Thy grace,
So sovereign, yet so free,
That have taught me to obey Thy word
And cast my care on Thee !

II.

They tell of weary burdens borne
For discipline of life,
Of long anxieties and doubts,
Of struggle and of strife,
Of a path of dim perplexities
With fears and shadows rife.

III.

Oh, I have trod that weary path,
With burdens not a few,
With shadowy faith that Thou would'st lead
And help me safely through,
Trying to follow and obey,
And bear my burdens too.

IV.

Master ! dear Master, Thou didst speak,
And yet I did not hear,
Or long ago I might have ceased
From every care and fear,
And gone rejoicing on my way
From brightening year to year.

V.

Just now and then some steeper slope
Would seem so hard to climb,
That I *must* cast my load on Thee ;
And I left it for a time,
And wondered at the joy at heart,
Like sweetest Christmas chime.

VI.

A step or two on wingèd feet,
And then I turned to share

The burden Thou hadst taken up
Of ever-pressing care ;
So what I would not leave with Thee
Of course I had to bear.

VII.

At last Thy precious precepts fell
On opened heart and ear,
A varied and repeated strain
I could not choose but hear,
Enlinking promise and command,
Like harp and clarion clear :

VIII.

'No anxious thought upon thy brow
The watching world should see ;
No carefulness ! O child of God,
For *nothing* careful be !
But cast thou *all* thy care on Him
Who always cares for thee.'

IX.

Did not Thy loving Spirit come
In gentle, gracious shower,
To work Thy pleasure in my soul
In that bright, blessèd hour,

And to the word of strong command
Add faith and will and power?

X.

It was Thy word, it was Thy will—
That was enough for me !
Henceforth no care shall dim my trust,
For all is cast on Thee ;
Henceforth my inmost heart shall praise
The grace that set me free.

XI.

And now I find Thy promise true,
Of perfect peace and rest ;
I cannot sigh—I can but sing
While leaning on Thy breast,
And leaving everything to Thee,
Whose ways are always best.

XII.

I never thought it could be thus,—
Month after month to know
The river of Thy peace without
One ripple in its flow ;
Without one quiver in the trust,
One flicker in its glow.

XIII.

Oh, Thou hast done far more for me
Than I had asked or thought !
I stand and marvel to behold
What Thou, my Lord, hast wrought,
And wonder what glad lessons yet
I shall be daily taught.

XIV.

How shall I praise Thee, Saviour dear,
For this new life so sweet,
For taking all the care I laid
At Thy belovèd feet,
Keeping Thy hand upon my heart
To still each anxious beat !

XV.

I want to praise, with life renewed,
As I never praised before ;
With voice and pen, with song and speech,
To praise Thee more and more,
And the gladness and the gratitude
Rejoicingly outpour.

XVI.

I long to praise Thee more, and yet
This is no care to me :

If Thou shalt fill my mouth with songs,
Then I will sing to Thee ;
And if my silence praise Thee best,
Then silent I will be.

XVII.

Yet if it be Thy will, dear Lord,
Oh, send me forth, to be
Thy messenger to careful hearts,
To bid them taste and see
How good Thou art to those who cast
All, all their care on Thee !

TWENTY-NINTH DAY.

—o—

Thy Reign.

‘Righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.’—ROM. xiv. 17.

I.

THY reign is righteousness ;
Not mine, but Thine !—
A covering no less
Than the broad, bright waves of Thy great
sea,
That roll triumphantly
From line to pole, and pole to line ;
A reign where every rebel thought
In sweet captivity
To Thine obedience is brought.

II.

Thy reign is perfect peace ;
Not mine, but Thine !—
A stream that cannot cease,

For its fountain is Thy heart. O depth
unknown !

Thou givest of Thine own,
Pouring from Thine and filling
mine.

The 'noise of war' hath passed
away ;

God's peace is on the throne,
Ruling with undisputed sway.

III.

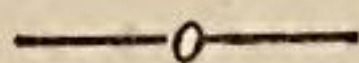
Thy reign is joy divine ;
Not mine, but Thine,
Or else not any joy to me !
For a joy that flowed not from Thine
own,
Since Thou hast reigned alone,
Were vacancy or misery.
O sunshine of Thy realm, how bright
This radiance from Thy throne,
Unspeakable in calmest light !

IV.

Thy reign shall still increase !
I claim Thy word,—
Let righteousness and peace

And joy in the Holy Ghost be found,
And more and more abound
In me, through Thee, O Christ my Lord ;
Take unto Thee Thy power, who art
My Sovereign, many-crowned !
Stablish Thy kingdom in my heart.

THIRTIETH DAY.



Tried, Precious, Sure.

JESUS	{	'The Same yesterday, and to-day, and for
CHRIST		ever.'—HEB. xiii. 8.
	{	'A stone, a tried stone, a precious corner
		stone, a sure foundation.'—ISA. xxviii. 16.

I.

THROUGH the yesterday of ages,
Jesus, Thou hast been The Same ;
Through our own life's chequered pages,
Still the one dear changeless name.
Well may we in Thee confide,
Faithful Saviour, proved and 'TRIED !'

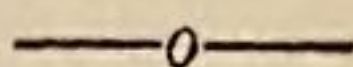
II.

Joyfully we stand and witness
Thou art still to-day The Same ;
In Thy perfect, glorious fitness,
Meeting every need and claim.
Chiefest of ten thousand Thou !
Saviour, O most 'PRECIOUS,' now !

III.

Gazing down the far for ever,
Brighter glows the one sweet Name,
Stedfast radiance, paling never,
Jesus, Jesus ! still The Same.
Evermore 'Thou shalt endure,'
Our own Saviour, strong and 'SURE !'

THIRTY-FIRST DAY.



Just when Thou wilt.

I.

JUST when Thou wilt, O Master, call !
Or at the noon, or evening fall,
Or in the dark, or in the light,—
Just when Thou wilt, it must be right.

II.

Just when Thou wilt, O Saviour, come,
Take me to dwell in Thy bright home !
Or when the snows have crowned my head,
Or ere it hath one silver thread.

III.

Just when Thou wilt, O Bridegroom, say,
'Rise up, my love, and come away !'
Open to me Thy golden gate,
Just when Thou wilt, or soon, or late.

IV.

Just when Thou wilt—Thy time is best—
Thou shalt appoint my hour of rest,
Marked by the Sun of perfect love,
Shining unchangeably above.

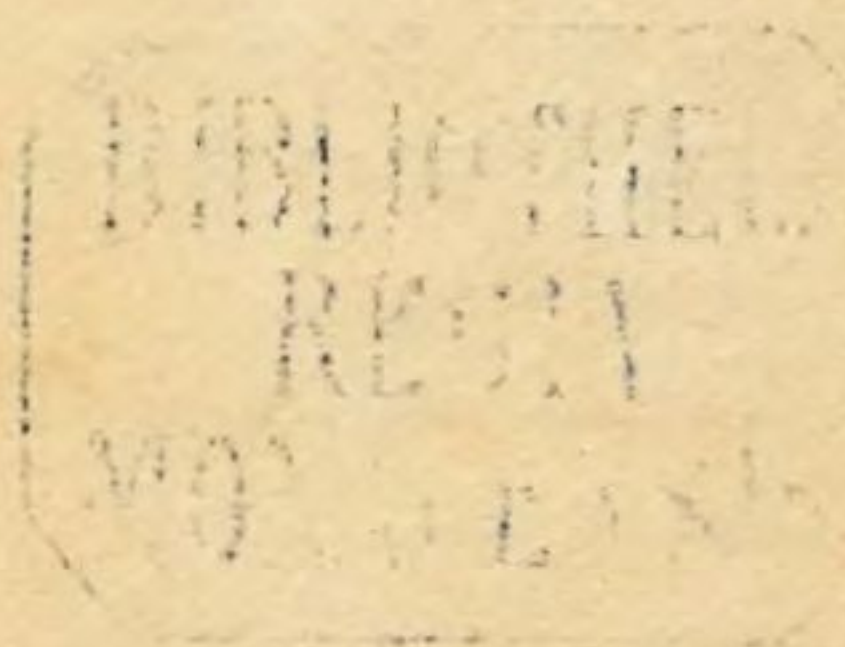
V.

Just when Thou wilt !—no choice for me !
Life is a gift to use for Thee ;
Death is a hushed and glorious tryst,
With Thee, my King, my Saviour, Christ !

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